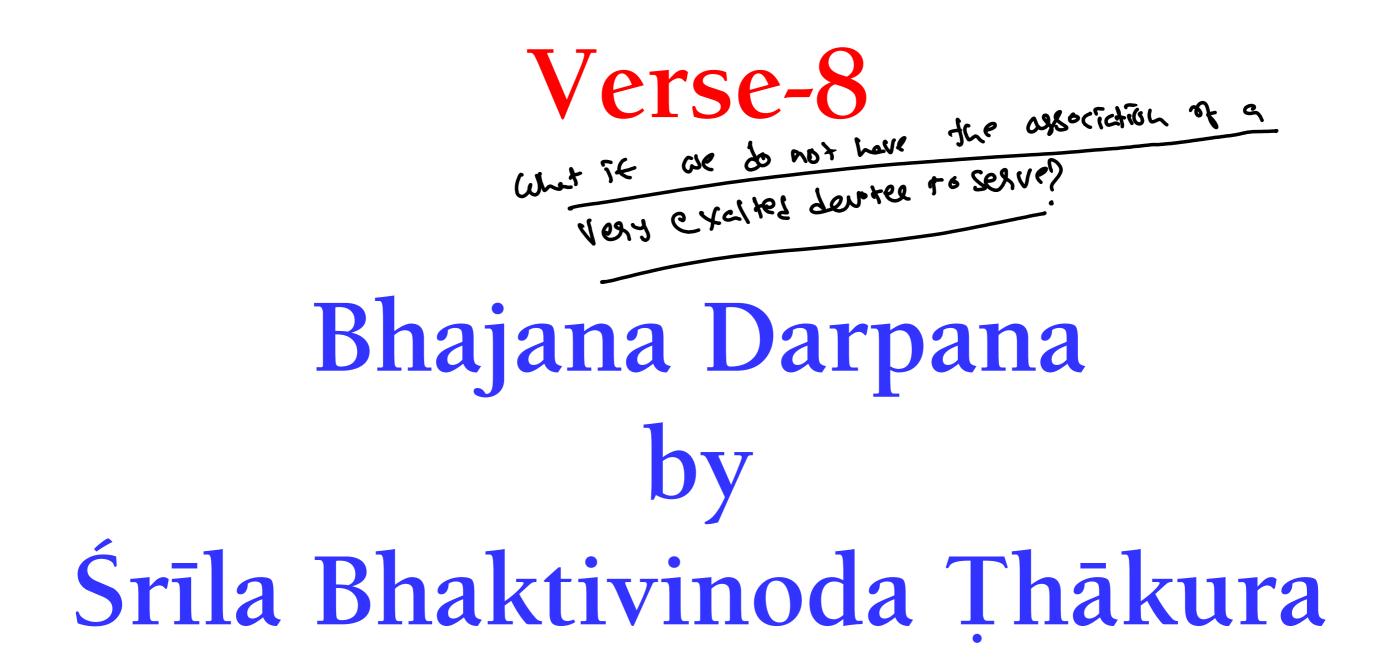
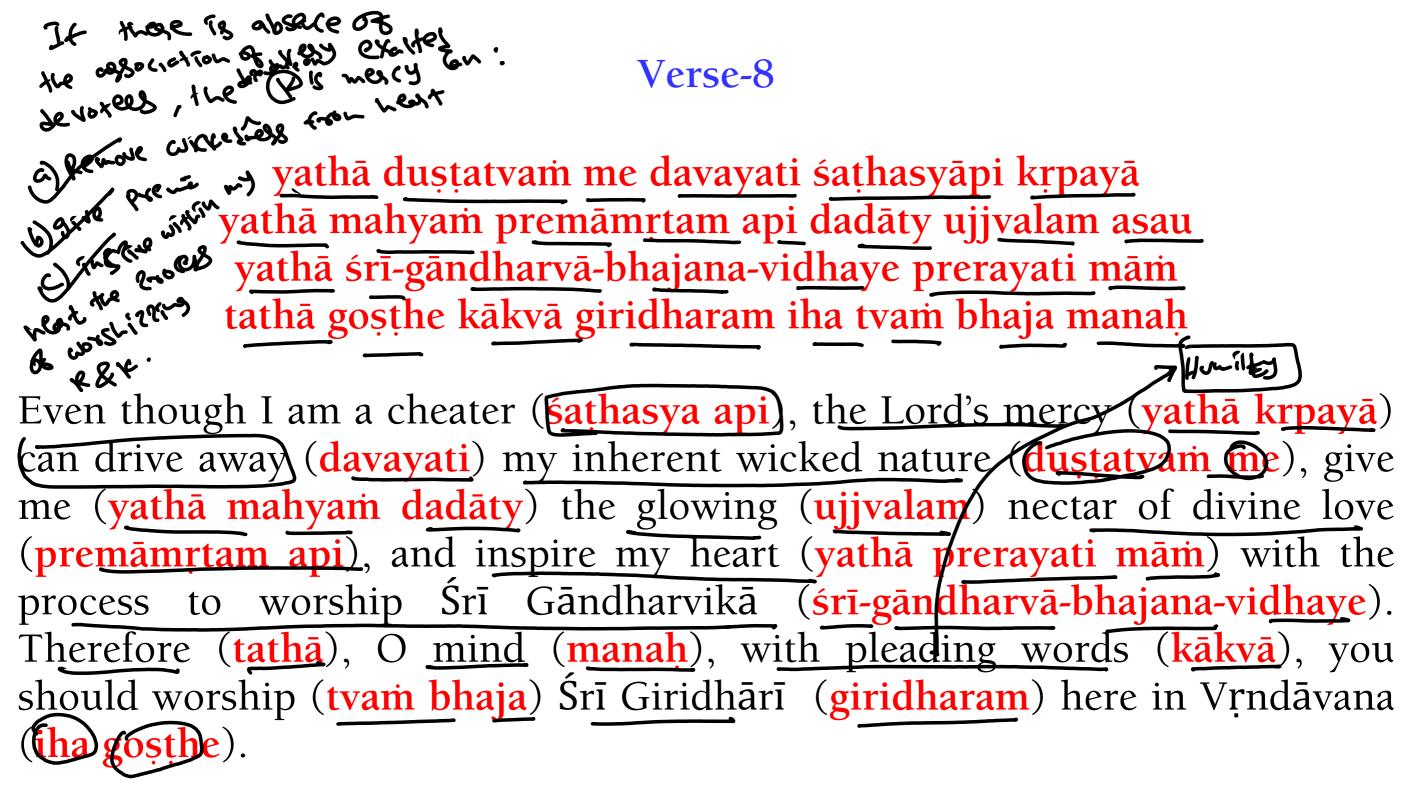
Śrī Manah-śikṣā

Splendid Instructions to the Mind

by Śrī Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī





Verse-8

Notes on the Commentary by Śrīla Bhaktivijnana Goswami Maharaj

Deity Stories

The following are stories illustrating that Deities of Krsna are nondifferent from Krsna himself.

First is a story of Sāksī Gopāla.

Before Sākṣī Gopāla had come to Vijayanagar in Andhra Pradesh in the south of India, there was also an interesting story of him getting to Cuttack.

O<u>ne of the ancestors of Mahārāja Pratāparudr</u>a, th<u>e king of Orissa</u> (modern day Odisha) had heard of this Deity who had walked all the way from Vrndāvana to Vijayanagar to bear witness for the young brāhmaņa.

This ancestor thought, "I have the best Deities in my kingdom, Lord Jagannātha, but I want to have this Gopāla in my kingdom as well."

With a small army he came to the king of Andhra Pradesh and said, "I have only one request—give me Gopāla."

The king of Andhra Pradesh refused, preferring battle rather than giving him the Gopāla Deity, but he lost.

His opponent said, "Again, I make the same request of you. I have defeated you. I don't need your kingdom. Just give me Gopāla."

The king of Andhra Pradesh replied, "I am sorry, I <u>can give you my</u> kingdom but I won't be able to give you Gopāla because he doesn't belong to me, I belong to him. You should sort it out with Gopāla. If he wants to go with you—you are welcome."

The king came to Gopāla and said, "Gopāla, I want you to be in Orissa." Gopāla decided to speak from the sky.

"You want me?"

"I want you to come with me and I will serve you. I will build a temple for you and take care of you."

"Okay. I am used to walking, I love it. But you should meet the same requirements. That young brāhmaņa, when he was walking along every day, begged rice and cooked a hill of it for me."

I still remember how delicious it was.

So, you will have to do the same thing.

You should ask for rice in every village and cook a hill of it for me.

"As you say; I am your servant."

The king took off his crown, his royal armor and his weaponry.

He clad his body in simple clothes and went to beg alms.

Gopāla watched him to make sure that he wasn't cheating.

All the way to Orissa he begged alms until at last they reached <u>Cuttack</u>.

When he arrived in Cuttack, his wife, who had a valuable pearl that had been handed down from generation to generation, knew that Gopāla was coming.

She thought, "What shall I give to Gopāla? I should give him everything, right? If I belong to him, I should give everything to him."

So she prepared this valuable pearl nosering to give to him.

She called the pūjārī and said, "Dear pūjārī, please decorate Gopāla with this pearl."

The pūjārī approached the Deity and started looking for a hole in the nose.

"There's no hole in Gopāla's nose," he said.

She became upset and said, "Okay then, keep this pearl somewhere, but I want to see Gopala with this pearl in his nose."

Gopāla came to her in a dream that night and said, "This pūjārī doesn't know anything. Yaśodā pierced a hole for me—the pūjārī just couldn't find it. Tell him to look carefully. I remember having Yaśodā pierce the hole!"

The queen woke up, happy, and ran to the pūjārī first thing to say, "Look for the hole! It's there!"

The pūjārī went and found the hole, although it wasn't there the day before.

So, he had this valuable pearl put on the Lord, thus responding to the queen's devotion and bhakti. Konisile I Jada Mate vision Malution I Hano Mate vision Uther I Hano Mate vision Uther I Hano Mate Vision Another story is about a village in Rajasthan called Karoli, where the Deity of Madana-mohana is now living.

This is the Deity that Advaita Ācārya originally found, and later Sanātana Gosvāmī worshiped him in Vrndāvana.

Even later, when the Deity had left Vrndāvana in fear of Aurangzeb's invasion, he was moved to Jaipur where he resided for some time, worshiped by the king's daughter.

Her father, as is the custom in traditional Indian families, had arranged for his daughter to marry a prince of a small kingdom in Karoli.

When he announced this to his daughter, she fainted.

She said, "I've already given my heart to Madana-mohana. How can I go somewhere and part with him? For the sake of propriety I can get married, but I am not leaving here."

Her father replied, "I am sorry, but everything has already been arranged."

His daughter said, "Then you should give me Madana-mohana because I am not going without him."

The king himself was very attached to Madana-mohana and said, "Okay. You'll be taken into the room with lots of Deities. If, blindfolded, you guess which one is Madana-mohana, you may take him with you."

She went to her quarters and started to cry and say, "Madana-mohana, how will I find you?"

Madana-mohana replied, "When you touch me, my skin will be warm and soft, so you'll know at once. Also, I am going to break my flute. I will put my arm down a little and the flute will break. These are the two signs that are going to help you find me."

So the blindfolded princess was quick to find Madana-mohana.

In this way he moved to Karoli.

In Karoli each morning the entire village attends mangala-ārati.

Some people even make dandavat all the way from home to the temple. Everyone goes—the sick, the old and the young—everyone.

They sometimes call Madana-mohana, "the one who stole a tray for a Muslim." So, this is the story.

Once there lived a pious Muslim in Karoli.

Every day he read the Quran, praying and meditating on Allah.

He wouldn't look at Deities because from the point of view of Islam this is the most serious crime ever to consider that God could manifest himself in some tangible form.

To prevent people from committing offences all of these warnings are incorporated in Christianity, Islam, and Judaism.

H<u>e was a devout Muslim respected by all the Muslims and revered as a saint.</u>

Hindus also revered him as a very pious person.

Externally, he was an ordinary man who worked in court delivering letters.

Once he was sent with some errand to Madana-mohana's temple where a Gosvāmījī was in charge.

While passing by, he accidentally looked into the window and saw Madana-mohana.

He couldn't believe what he had seen.

He fell in love with him at first sight.

He delivered the letter to the Gosvāmījī, stopped, and started to look through the bars.

Then he thought, "What am I doing? I am a faithful Muslim!"

He ran to the mosque and started to pray, "Deliver me from this obsession!"

But when he closed his eyes all he saw was Madana-mohana.

When he opened his eyes, he only saw Madana-mohana.

Wherever he went he saw Madana-mohana. And finally he understood it was hopeless.

Madana-mohana means "the one who attracts and draws us."

And at his whim Madana-mohana completely revealed himself to this Muslim.

He forgot everything—stopped going to the mosque and reading the Quran, and instead composing songs about Madana-mohana.

All of his Muslim brothers thought, "He's an infidel!"

The most terrible thing that could happen to him was to be excommunicated from his religion—and he was.

He then went to the temple, but when they learned he was a Muslim, the doorkeepers forced him away, pushing him down the steps and making him fall.

Before this, both Hindus and Muslims respected him.

He went back to his home and started to cry, saying, "No one needs me anymore. I've given my heart to God—there's nothing else in my heart. Some way or other God revealed himself to me and entered into my heart, but everyone expelled me."

He then went to the temple, but when they learned he was a Muslim, the doorkeepers forced him away, pushing him down the steps and making him fall.

Before this, both Hindus and Muslims respected him.

He went back to his home and started to cry, saying, "No one needs me anymore. I've given my heart to God—there's nothing else in my heart. Some way or other God revealed himself to me and entered into my heart, but everyone expelled me."

He decided to keep fasting until death.

He had been fasting for just three days, when Madana-mohana couldn't wait any longer.

Usually in the evening the pūjārīs would place an expensive silver tray of sweets for Madana-mohana in case he would wake up and feel like something sweet to eat.

The pūjārī left, closing the altar doors and locking up the temple.

Later the Muslim heard a knock on the door.

He answered it and saw a youth he had never seen before.

<u>The youth said</u>, "Gosvāmījī from the temple has sent me to you with mahā-prasādam. Here it is. Have some, please, but you should bring the tray back tomorrow for mangala-ārati."

He replied, "But I was kicked out!"

The youth said, "Tomorrow you won't be. Come for ārati early morning tomorrow, bring the tray, and everything will be all right."

What was the Muslim supposed to do?

He ate everything on the tray as he had been fasting for three days.

B<u>ut during the night Madana-mohana came to the Gosvāmījī and said, "You shouldn't have kicked out the man. I haven't seen him for three days. He's coming tomorrow morning but you should let him in. You will recognize him because he'll be carrying a silver tray."</u>

Early in the morning, one of the pūjārīs woke up, went on the altar and saw no trace of the costly tray.

He clutched his head in his hands, ran to the Gosvāmījī and said, "The tray has been stolen! It's been stolen! Honestly, I had nothing to do with that!"

The Gosvāmījī smiled and said, "The one who stole it has already admitted it. Don't worry!"

The Gosvāmījī went to the Mahārāja of Karoli and told the whole story.

Mahārāja couldn't believe that a Muslim could develop such strong love for Kṛṣṇa.

So they were both standing and waiting for him at the temple gate.

The Muslim was walking, carrying the tray in his hand with a strange feeling in his heart thinking, "This is a very strange story. First, I've never seen that person in the temple. Second, he gave me this tray. He may have stolen it and then got scared and given it to me. Or perhaps the Muslims may have set me up."

When he approached the temple, he saw the Mahārāja himself and the Gosvāmījī standing in front of the gate.

So, he thought, "Well, I am dead."

He was in no doubt that he was going to be put in jail.

But when he approached, Gosvāmījī said, "I've been waiting long for you. You are so fortunate!"

"Why?" asked the Muslim.

And then both the king and the Gosvāmījī started to talk all at once, "You are incredibly lucky!"

He was at a loss.

What had happened? Nobody told him anything.

He started to think, "Why has everyone changed their attitude to me so dramatically?"

<u>Only a few days ago they kicked me out, not wanting to see me and</u> now they are welcoming me with open arms.

<u>A suspicion crept in and he asked</u>, "Where is the servant that brought me the tray? I've never seen him before."

They told the Muslim, "The servant is there waiting for you on the simhāsana. But he's not a servant any more!"

Suddenly it occurred to him what had happened. Everybody rejoiced.

<u>All in all, it ended well except that he couldn't live in the village</u> anymore because of all the fuss people were making over him.

There are still songs in that place glorifying this story.

The tray that Madana-mohana had taken to the Muslim devotee is still there in the temple.

The moral of this story is what Raghunātha Dāsa Gosvāmī is speaking about. "Even if there's no hope, there is always hope."

What hope?

This hope comes from understanding that Kṛṣṇa's mercy is more than my hopelessness and that he himself may do everything possible for us if we serve him.

This process is the most practical thing ever.

People attend seminars learning how to manage their time. But why manage time?

Everything is already managed.

One should have the following routine: get up when the Deity does; go to bed when the Deity does; eat prasādam from the Deities, and then the things will appear as this verse describes.

All the dustatva, all the impurity, will leave our heart.

Premāmṛta, love for Krsna, will enter into our heart, as well as the opportunity to serve the Queen of Vraja.

Verse-8

Notes on the Commentary by Urmila Devi Dasi

In this verse the devotee of Krsna has crossed beyond practice.

Pride is gone completely.

Authentic humility saturates the heart with gratitude and acknowledgment that only divine mercy has eradicated one's deep cheating nature.

The devotee can now say with full conviction, "I am wretched yet blessed!"

The devotee now never wants any trace of cheating or pride to remain.

Such devotees, thoroughly honest, open their hearts for full cleansing with nothing held back.

Now one's eternal identity becomes not just hinted at in sometimes hazy glimpses and impressions, but is gradually fully revealed by the grace of Kṛṣṇa's internal potency, Gāndharvā, she of artistic singing.

<u>The supplicant therefore begs Krsna, as Govardhana and as the lifter</u> of Govardhana, for Gāndharvā's shelter and service.

Beyond shelter and service, one needs to make a plea for mahyam premamrtam api dadāty ujjvalam, receiving the full and glowing nectar of spiritual love.

In previous verses Raghnunatha Dāsa Gosvāmī wrote of receiving the jewel of this love, and then bathing in the ocean of this love.

Here we beg for that love to be not just external and localized as a jewel in hand, and not just external and pervasive as a bath surrounding us, but internal and pervasive as a drink.

As we drink that divine love, its effulgence lights up our very self.

Bhaktivinoda writes in his commentary on verse eight about the five elements of rasa—our eternal relationship (sthāyī-bhāva) namely: service, friendship, parental, or amorous; our lovable object and shelter (ālambana) and stimulus (uddīpana) for our eternal relationship; how we display our eternal relationship (anubhāva); the symptoms of our eternal relationship (sāttvika); and the changing waves of emotions within the context of our eternal relationship (sancārī).

It is important to note that all designations of this body and this world must be cast aside at this point to accept our real identity and experience the mixing of these five parts to make rasa.

B<u>haktivinoda writes in his commentary here about a gradual and</u> progressive training in eternal service, with the example of those who are gopīs in Rādhā's group.

Those who are in a different relationship will have a similar training, though the details will vary.

In all cases, the pleasure potency of Kṛṣṇa now enters our heart and attracts Kṛṣṇa.